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From the Waverley Magazine.

**What is a Kiss?**  
What is a kiss? I fain would know.  
Can any mortal to me show  
To what it doth pertain?  
Is it an object bright and fair—  
A viewless form of empty air—  
Or phantasy of the brain?

Is it the sweets the lover sips  
From off the dew nectared lips  
Of her he calls his own?  
And which by him is prized far more  
Than all the wealth of Ceresus' store,  
Or gems from every zone.

'Tis sure something more than this,  
(Though this may be earth's highest bliss,  
And sweetest source of joy.)  
It does disarm hate's direst rage—  
The sorrows of the heart assuage,  
The noblest act our lives employ.

It is a token of friendship true,  
Sweeter than violets kissed with dew,  
When freely, fully given.  
It hath a power the heart to thrill  
To shield from sin and guard from ill,  
Like a fairy band from Heaven.

It is a seal of fondest love,  
Dropped by the angels from above,  
Where all is joy and peace;  
A link that binds fond heart to heart,  
With golden bands that ne'er shall part  
Till Time itself shall cease.

**PHYSICAL BENEFITS OF THE SABBATH.**  
The North British Review has the following  
very sensible remarks upon the physical  
benefits derived from an observance of the  
Sabbath:

The Sabbath is God's special present to  
the working man, and one of his chief ob-  
jects is to prolong his life and preserve ef-  
ficient his working tone. In the vital sys-  
tem it acts like a compensation pond; it re-  
plenishes the spirit, the elasticity, and vigor  
which the last six days have drained away,  
and supplies the force which is to fill the  
six days succeeding; and in the economy of  
existence, it answers the same purpose as, in  
the economy of income is answered by a  
savings bank. The frugal man who puts  
away a pound to-day, and another pound  
next month, and who, in a quiet way, is  
putting by his stated pound from time to  
time, when he grows old and fails, gets not  
only the same pound back again, but a  
good many pounds besides. And the  
conscientious man, who husbands one day  
of his existence every week; who, instead  
of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and  
torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treas-  
ures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath  
keeps it for him, and, in the length of days,  
the hale old age gives back with usury. The  
savings bank of human existence is the  
weekly Sabbath.

In the memoirs of Count Grammont  
it is related of Louis XIV., that having a  
dispute at chess with one of his courtiers,  
no one present would give an opinion. "Oh,"  
said he, "here comes Count Hamilton, he  
shall decide which is in the right." "Your  
Majesty is in the wrong," replied the  
Count, without looking at the board. On  
which the King remonstrated with him on  
the impossibility of judging before he saw  
the state of the game. He answered,  
"Does your Majesty suppose, that if you  
were in the right, all these noblemen would  
stand by and say nothing."

## Maryels of the Mississippi.

The difference of level between high and  
low water at Cairo is fifty feet. The width  
and depth of the river from Cairo and Mem-  
phis to New Orleans is not materially in-  
creased, yet immense additions are made to  
the quantity of the water in the channel by  
large streams from both the eastern and  
western sides of the Mississippi. The ques-  
tion naturally arises; what becomes of this  
vast volume of water? It certainly never  
reaches New Orleans, and as certainly  
does not evaporate, and of course it is not  
confined to the channel of the river, for it  
would rise far above the entire region south  
of us.

If a well is sunk anywhere in the Arkan-  
sas bottom, water is found as soon as the  
water level of the Mississippi is reached.  
When the Mississippi goes down, the water  
sinks accordingly in the well. The owner  
of a saw mill, some twenty miles from the  
Mississippi, in Arkansas, dug a well to sup-  
ply the boilers of his engine, during the  
late flood. When the waters receded, his  
well went down till his hose would no longer  
reach the water, and finally his well  
went dry. He dug a ditch to an adjacent  
lake, to let water into his well; the lake was  
drained, and the well was dry again, having  
literally drank ten acres of water in less  
than a week.

The inference is that the whole valley of  
the Mississippi, from its banks to the high-  
lands, on either side, rests on a porous stratum  
which absorbs the redundant waters,  
and thus prevents that degree of accumu-  
lation which would long since have swept  
New Orleans into the Gulf but for this  
provision of nature, to which alone her safety  
is attributable. In fact, if the alluvial  
bottoms of the Mississippi were like the  
shores of the Ohio, the vast plain from Cairo  
to New Orleans would to-day be part and  
parcel of the Gulf of Mexico, and the whole  
valley a fresh water arm of the sea. Were  
the geological character of the valley dif-  
ferent, the construction of levees, confining  
the water of the Mississippi to its channels,  
would cause the rise in the rise in the river  
to become so great at the South, that not  
sufficient levees could be built. The cur-  
rent would be stronger, and the accumu-  
lation of water greater as the levees are ex-  
tended north of us.

Such results were, reasonably enough an-  
ticipated; but if the water, instead of break-  
ing the levees, permeates the porous soil,  
and the overflow is really beneath the sur-  
face of the swamps. Such, it seems to us,  
are the wise provisions of natural laws for  
the safety and ultimate reclamation of the  
rich country south of us. We believe that  
the levee system will be successful, and that  
the object of its adoption will be obtained.  
The porousness of the materials used in  
making them, has caused most if not all of  
the crevasses. Men may deem it a superhu-  
man task to wall in the Mississippi from  
Cairo to New Orleans, but our levees are the  
work of pigmies when contrasted with the  
dykes of Holland. The flood tide of the  
Mississippi is but a ripple on the surface of a  
glassy pool compared with the ocean bil-  
lows that dash against the artificial shores  
of Holland. The country to be reclaimed  
by our levees—all of which will not, for fifty  
years cost the people as much as those of  
the Dutch when originally built—would  
make one hundred such kingdoms as that  
over which a Bonaparte once yielded the  
sceptre.—Memphis Avalanche.

**BROWNLOW ON A DELICATE SUBJECT.**  
"Brownlow" has been visiting the Virginia  
Springs, and gets off the following, in a  
recent editorial letter to his paper:

After tea, I was led to enter the ball-  
room, from hearing a superior female voice,  
as an accompaniment to the band playing  
"Sweet Home." A perfect stranger, and a  
mere looker on, I quietly seated myself on a  
lounge. Soon the ladies and gentlemen  
came in, two and two, and never did the  
highland of Scotland, the green hills of Swit-  
zerland, or the rural districts of Germany,  
exhibit such dancers! Their jeweled necks  
and ears, and fingers, dazzling brocades,  
each said to the other "none of your dresses  
cost like mine." The company in the ball-  
room was small, and rather select, a few of  
us, passengers, intruding. They commenced  
waltzing—hugging each other close—they  
flow round upon a polished floor. The hoops  
would fly up—the skirts exhibited themselves  
—the ankles showed for themselves. I can't  
trust myself any farther on this subject!

## Cost of a Newspaper.

We read, a few days since, in one of our  
exchanges, the remark that it takes nearly  
one dollar and fifty cents to publish a week-  
ly newspaper. We should think it does.  
How any paper of usual size can be pub-  
lished for \$1 50, without losing money, we  
have not yet been able to discover. This  
secret is yet a sealed book to us.

Papers are springing up all over the  
country, and in order to force out a circu-  
lation, offer their issues at subscription prices  
ruinous to themselves, and injurious to their  
contemporaries. Thus the business of jour-  
nalism, in localities where a newspaper can  
be supported, under ordinary circumstances  
is crippled, and to a very great extent ren-  
dered unprofitable. Some men think it is  
glory and honor enough to have the name  
of being the editor of a paper. Such usually  
find out, by waiting, that such honors are  
empty and void of the capacity to furnish  
meat and bread for the wife and children.  
The result is, that very often the enterprise  
proves a failure, creditors suffer, and the un-  
fortunate adventurer becomes, pecuniarily, a  
wreck. It takes patronage to bring in mor-  
tality, and that patronage must pay remunera-  
tive prices. Where this is not the case, fail-  
ures will always be the consequence. So  
much for publishing a newspaper at losing  
rates.—Printer's Newsletter.

**L. Q. DEBRULER, Esq.**—This gentleman,  
says the Vincennes Times, as a lawyer, has  
won an enviable position at almost every  
Court in Southern Indiana. He is very  
sprightly, and at all times has a fund of hu-  
mor that never forsakes him in any emer-  
gency. Sometimes, however, his brother  
lawyers turn the tables on him very clever-  
ly; and never was the thing so cleverly  
done as the late Judge Lockhart did at a  
sitting of the Spencer Circuit Court, many  
years ago. The Sheriff was directed to call  
L. Q. DeBruler, and wanting to call him by  
his given name in full, asked Judge L.  
"what the L. stood for in Mr. DeBruler's  
name?" "Why," blandly replied Lockhart,  
"it is for Loquacious." Out went the  
Sheriff to the door, and bawled as loud as  
he could—"Loquacious Q. DeBruler—Lo-  
quacious Q. DeBruler—come into Court!"  
The effect can be imagined better than we  
describe it.

**WHERE THE LAUGH CAME IN.**—Bunce's and  
Sizer's farms adjoined each other. Sizer had  
an unruly sheep which was in the habit of  
getting into Bunce's field. Bunce expostu-  
lated with Sizer several times, and then told him  
if he did not keep his sheep at home, he  
would fix him, so he wouldn't jump any more  
fences. But Bunce soon found the sheep  
back again; so he caught him, and with a  
knife severed the cuticle or skin just beyond  
the gambrel joint, and between the main  
cord and bone, then thrust the other hind  
leg through the aperture, and put the sheep  
back over the fence, which went off hopping  
on three legs.

Sizer soon after discovered the sad plight  
his sheep was in, and he knew very well  
who was the cause of it, but he concluded  
to take things coolly, and await some suit-  
able opportunity to revenge himself.

Presently, Bunce's old sow broke into  
Sizer's field, when he caught her, and with  
a sharp knife cut her mouth almost from ear  
to ear, and turned her back.

When Bunce discovered this, he went to  
Sizer's in a great rage, and demanded of  
him what he did that for? Sizer said, "Upon  
my word, neighbor Bunce, I did not do any  
such thing. Your old sow split her mouth  
laughing at my sheep through the fence."—  
Syracuse Standard.

**LORENZO DOW ON BAD THOUGHTS.**—Some-  
body once said to Lorenzo Dow, who was a  
very eccentric strolling preacher: "Mr. D.  
I don't know what to do. Bad thoughts  
trouble me very much. They come into  
my head and I don't know how to keep  
them out. How can I help doing wrong, if  
it's wrong to have bad thoughts?" Mr. D.  
replied: "We can't stop birds from flying  
over our heads, but we can keep them from  
building nests in our hair. Do you ask:  
How can you drive away these bad thoughts,  
and keep them from making nests in your  
mind? Why, just as we exclude thistles  
from the lands, by putting in so much good  
seed that there is no room left for them to  
grow. Keep the mind busy with something  
innocent and useful, and leave no place for  
the intruder."

## For the Jasper Courier.

### Tis Sad to Leave.

'Tis sad to leave our childhood's home,  
And part with those so dear;  
'Tis sad to leave the scenes we love  
And drop the parting tear.

'Tis sad to leave our boyhood's home,  
And friends both kind and true,  
'Tis sad to say a last farewell,  
And weep a last adieu.

'Tis sad to leave that one dear spot  
Where memory still will cling,  
'Tis sad to think that distant lands  
No sweeter joys can bring.

'Tis sad to leave the old hearth-stone,  
In other lands to roam,  
'Tis sad to leave the household band,  
And seek another home.

'Tis sad to know that strangers move  
Around our couch of pain;  
And then 'tis sad to think on friends  
We ne'er shall meet again.

JASPER, Sept. 1859. B. E.

## LAWYER'S OATHS.

—In revising the sta-  
tutes of Massachusetts, the committee have  
restored the oath formerly administered to  
lawyers when admitted to practice. By this  
oath, the lawyer swears he will do no false-  
hood, nor consent to the doing of any in-  
court, and according to the old form, he was  
also sworn to "inform" the court if he knew  
of any such intention on the part of others  
—this last clause is amended away. He al-  
so swears he will not wittingly or willingly  
sue or promote any false, groundless suit,  
delay a man for lucre or malice, but con-  
duct himself as well as he knows how, &c.  
It is thought this oath prescribes a dose  
"hard to take," under the habits engendered  
by modern practice.

**LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.**—Thousands of men  
breathe, move and live, pass off the stage  
of life and are heard of no more. Why?  
They do not partake of good in the world,  
and none were blessed by them: none could  
point to them as the means of their redem-  
ption; not a line they wrote, not a word  
they spoke, could be recalled; and so they  
perished; their light went out in darkness,  
and they were not remembered more than  
insects of yesterday. Will you thus live  
and die, O man immortal! Live for some-  
thing. Do good, and leave behind you a  
monument of virtue.—Chalmers.

**An Irish man** traveling along one day  
picked up a feather in the road, and put it  
in his pocket; when night came, having no  
place to sleep but in a quarry, he carefully  
placed the feather under him and laid down  
to rest his wearied limbs. In the morning  
he arose, and eyeing his bed, he exclaimed:  
"Begorra, if one feather is that hard, what  
would a whole bed full be!"

**They raise so many babies** in Albany  
that they give them away. Here is an ad-  
vertisement in the Journal:

To be given away by its mother, who  
is not able to keep it, a fine healthy female  
child, 10 months old, of legitimate parent-  
age. Applications may be made by address-  
ing box 268, Albany Post Office.

"What time o' night is it?" said a  
country lass to a dull spark, of whose com-  
pany she was tired. "Why," said he, "I  
reckon it's just about now." "Then just  
now is the time that boys ought to be at  
home," replied Miss, as she lighted her beau  
to the door.

**Every young man** should remember  
that the world always honors industry. The  
vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of  
body and mind are rusting for  
want of occupation, may look with scorn  
upon the laborer engaged at his toil; but  
his scorn is praise—his contempt honor.

**A CALF STORY.**—A country newspaper  
recording the running down of a cow on the  
railway, said "it was cut into calves." An  
astonished naturalist waited on the editor,  
for what the auctioneers call "further in-  
formation," and received it in the following  
form: "Erratum—For calves, read halves."

**A YOUNG OPERATOR.**—The daughter of  
the proprietor of a coal mine, in Pennsylva-  
nia, was inquisitive as to the nature of hell.  
Upon which her father represented it to be  
a large gulf of fire of most prodigious ex-  
tent. "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get  
the devil to buy his coal of you?"

## Training of Editors.

We copied from an exchange a short time  
since a paragraph headed a "College for Ed-  
itors," which has been going the rounds of  
the papers. Mr. Carpenter, the editor of  
the Madison Patriot, is a practical printer  
and of course knows what he says when he  
claims that "the education of an editor is  
not complete who has not graduated in a  
printing office, which has very properly been  
called the "Poor man's College"—who has  
not been regularly drilled through the vari-  
ous grades of roller-boy, compositor, press-  
man, and foreman, and who had not sufficient  
mind to educate himself during his intervals  
of labor in all that is necessary of book  
learning. We have never yet known a  
practical, useful editor who has not passed  
through this schooling. Of the present gen-  
eration—Edwin Crosswell, Thurlow Weed,  
Jas. Watson Webb, Colonel Stone, and  
Horace Greeley, were all educated to the  
business in country printing offices. Weed,  
Webb, and Stone were fellow apprentices  
in the office of Prentice, in Cooperstown,  
then a small country village. How infinitely  
superior in practical knowledge and con-  
sistency of purpose are those men to the  
University educated editors like Bennett,  
Raymond, and others who have adopted the  
business as a profession, instead of being  
trained to it from childhood. The fine writ-  
ings of your college bred editors have done  
very little toward moulding public senti-  
ment in this country; and we know of no  
paper which is not edited by a practical  
printer which is worth as much to a political  
party to which it is attached, as the blank  
paper on which it is printed. Your profes-  
sional editors are mere theorists and fancy  
writers, as unfitted to educate the public mind  
in the principles of party politics as they are  
to instruct them in mechanical printing.—  
Manitowoc Tribune.

**A PLAN FOR THE REDEMPTION OF THE  
WORLD.**—The Examiner, a Baptist paper,  
suggests a method by which the whole world  
might be converted in nine years. The plan  
is simple, and, if all men could be induced  
to submit to Christ, would be practicable. It  
is this: "Let each member of the Christian  
Church bring one soul to Christ each year.  
This would double the number of Christians  
every year, and in nine years the whole  
world would be Christian."

**SCRIPTURAL EMBELLISHMENTS.**—The clerk of  
an English church, who had to read the  
first lesson in the public services, always  
made a hash of Shadrach, Meshach and  
Abednego; and as the names are twelve  
times repeated in the third chapter of Dan-  
iel, after getting through with them the first  
time, he afterwards styled them the "afore-  
said gentlemen."

The following lines were written by one  
of the Hutchinsons:

"We live for those who love us—  
For those who are kind and true;  
For the Heaven that smiles above us,  
And which we are hastening to."

The whole number of ballots for Pres-  
ident at the next election will be 306;—ne-  
cessary for a choice, 153. The States that  
voted for Fremont at the last election gave  
114. The Republicans would require a gain  
of 40 on their vote of 1856 to elect their man.

A gentleman who, under the least ex-  
citement, would exclaim, "there is a crisis  
coming," was considerably amused at being  
gravely informed by a little four year old  
son that "the crisis had come, and was in  
the bed with mother."

Always do first the things which you  
least like to do. So, too, if there is any  
part of your work that you don't like, see  
to it that that part is done with more dili-  
gence than the rest, if you make any difference  
between them.—Becher

**ECONOMY.**—Old Mrs. Darnley is a pat-  
tern of household economy. She says she  
has made a pair of socks last fifteen years  
by only knitting new feet to them every  
winter, and new legs to them every other  
winter.

Different sounds travel with different  
velocity. A call for dinner will run over a  
ten acre lot in a minute and a half, while a  
summons to work will take from five to ten  
minutes.

Deliberate with caution, but act with  
decision, yield with graciousness, or oppose  
with firmness.